

The Rambler's

# G A R L A N D.

Composed of some Delightful

## NEW SONGS.

I. *Country John's Misfortune's in London; or  
the Tricks of a Town Jilt.*

II. *The Bitter bit; shewing, how Country John  
quitted Scores with the London Jilt.*

III. *The distressed Ship Carpenter.*

IV. *The Nymph's Complaint of her unkind  
Shepherd.*



Licensed and Enter'd according to Order:

# The RAMBLING GARLAND

*Country John's Misfortune by going to London*

YOU young Men that down in the Country do dwell,  
 Come listen a while to my Song, Sir:  
 While my sad Misfortune to you I shall tell,  
 I'd not have you think the Time long, Sirs  
 I lived in the Country as sweet as a Rose,  
 Till Poverty prick'd me, as you may suppose,  
 That one Day in a Maggot I Pack'd up my Clothes,  
 And a way I came trudging to London.

But when I came to London that famous fine Place,  
 I view'd the Steeples so high Sir,  
 Such People I ne'er saw before in my Days,  
 Oh how they did hallow and cry, Sir:  
 Here's fine Snuff Boxes that's fit for your Nose,  
 There was some crying Artichoaks, others old Clothes;  
 I thought at first they'd been calling the Cows,  
 They made such a Racket in London.

But as I stood with the Trunk at my Back,  
 I being both cold, wet and weary,  
 There's one came up to me, and ask'd what I lack'd,  
 She was dress'd up as fine as a Lady;  
 I turn'd me around, and look'd in her Face,  
 Dear Madam said I, I do want a good Place,  
 She smiled upon me with a simpering Grace,  
 And bid me right welcome to London.

Said she, In the City I have a good Friend,  
 That wants one to wait on the Table,  
 If you will stay a while I for him will send,  
 And do for you what I am able.

Straight

Straight into a Tavern away she did pack,  
I followed her with the Trunk at my Back;  
She called her Maid Betty likewise her Boy Jack,  
They both bid me welcome to London.

Miss Betty cry'd Madam you know I am sickly.

Therefore if John be willing,  
To carry the Basket, he will come again quickly,  
And for his pains give him a Shilling;  
My Brains being drown'd in Brandy and Sack,  
I hoisted the Baske: upon my Back,  
And together we both thro' the City did pack,  
For I thought it rare living in London.

She went by my Side as demure as a Mouse,

Did ever Man see such a Whore, Sir:

She carried me straight to the Constable's House

And then bid me knock at the Door, Sir:

I rouz'd at the Door, and the Constable came,  
And the Child in the Basket began for to mourn,  
I look'd over my Shoulder and Betty was gone,  
I wish'd myself then out of London.

Says I, Sir her's a Present, he asked me who sent it;

At which I began to look blue, Sir;

'Tis no Matter, said I, for my pains I'm contented,

He cry'd out But that will not do, Sir,

He pull'd out a painted Staff out of his pocket,  
And about my Ears he did lustly knock it,  
Besides kicking and calling me Sirrah and Blackhead

This I got by going to London.

The Basket was ty'd up as fast as may be,

Which added more to my vexation, for I valst goodly  
And in it, alas! was a little young Baby,

Which put the Man into a Passion,

A pot full of Porrage they b'ewin my Eyes,

The People did hollow and the Bastard did cry,

Then I wished myself down in the Country, for I am b'ad

Was weary with staying in London.

I went to the Tavern, the Place where we drank,

But, dear Neighbours, if you will believe me,

The

The Lady was gone and so was my Trunk, a o'me nigh  
 Thought I the Devil and all go with thee; not howd off  
 This put me into such a passionate Rage,  
 For I'd lost my Cloaths, and my seven Years wage,  
 Which I work'd so hard for with old Mrs. Page.

This I got for going to London.

The very next Morning, without any Dodging,  
 My Troubles came thicker and faster,  
 I to Bridewell was sent to beat Hemp for my lodgings,  
 There to maintain myself and the Bastard;  
 And there for a Twelvemonth I daily did hag:  
 Till I had neither Stocking nor Shoe to my leg,  
 With the Brat at my Back, I was forced to beg  
 This I got for going to London.

## QUEEN OF JEWELLERY

*The Bitter bit; shewing how Country John quitted Score  
 with the London Fis.*

ONE Day I was begging in Bishopsgate-Street,  
 It being sad rainy Weather,  
 With Mrs. Betty, I happen'd to meet,  
 And the old Whore together.  
 Thought I I'll be reveng'd on those Whores,  
 For now is the Time to pay off their old Scores,  
 So I follow'd them fairly Home to their own Doors,  
 For then I was acquainted with London.

Thought I, my purpose they shall not prevent,  
 If they do the D—I must be in it,  
 Without delay I for the constable sent,  
 And he came with his Staff in a Minute:  
 I ran for Assistance and seiz'd them straight;  
 And when to the People I the Tale did relate,  
 They laugh'd at the Frolick and pitied my Fate,  
 And they said, I'd hard Fortune in London.

As the Constable he stood to secure the punk,  
 Dear Neighbour as I am a Sinner

I Stepp'd

I stepped into the Chamber and there flood my Trunk,

It was placed just under the Window:

My Cloaths they were gone, and my Money likewise,

But believe me I met with a far better prize,

It was full of good Linen, both Pinners and Quoys,

I thought it good Booty in London.

A pair of Shag Breeches lay upon the Shelf,

With a noble Gold Watch in the Pocket,

Thought I these are like to fit none but myself,

And I put them under my Jacker,

Both Top-knots and Laces I pillaged good Store,

My Pockets were so full I could cram in no more,

While the Whores did scold, I slipt out of the Door,

And away I came jogging from London.

I scamper'd away as fast as I was able,

To get out of Sight I was willing;

The Brat I left lying upon the Table,

Who shriek'd like a Pig that was killing:

The Constable he was serving his Warrant,

And straight into Bridewell away he did carry them

Where they may beat Hemp till the De'il comes for them

For I'll ne'er more come into London.

Young men that are in the Country here,

I'd have to please your old Masters,

And never go up to the City for fear,

You should happen to meet with Disasters;

For London's as sharp as the Edge of a Knife,

The City is fill'd with Fraction and Strife,

Boys there's nothing so sweet as a Country Life,

So let them that want Wit go to London.

### The Distressed Ship Carpenter

WELL met, well met my my own true Love,

Long Time I have been seeking thee;

I am lately come from the Salt Sea,

And all for the Sake Love, of the:

I might

I might have had a King's Daughter,

And fain she would have married me;

But I've forsaken all her Crowns of Gold,

And all for the Sake, Love, of thee.

If you might have had a King's Daughter,

I think you much to blame;

I would not for five hundred Pounds,

That my Husband should hear the same.

For my Husband is a Carpenter,

And a young Ship Carpenter is he,

And by him I have a little Son,

Or else, Love; I'd go along with thee.

But if I should leave my Husband dear,

Likewise my little Son also,

What have you to maintain me withal,

If I along with you should go?

I have seven Ships upon the Seas,

And one of them brought me to Land,

And seventeen Mariners to wait on thee,

For to be, Love, at your command.

A pair of Slippers thou shalt have,

They shall be made of beaten Gold

Nay and be lin'd with Velvet Soft,

For to keep thy Feet from Cold.

A gilded Boat then thou shall have,

The Oars shall gilded be also,

And Mariners to row the along,

For to keep thee from thy overthrow.

They had not been long upon the Sea,

Before that she began to weep;

What

What weep you for my Gold? he said,  
Or do you weep for my Fce?

Or do you weep for some other young Man,  
That you love much better than me?

No I do weep for my little Son,  
That should have come along with me.

She had not been upon the Seas,

Passing Days three or four,

But the Mariner and she were drown'd,  
And never were heard of more.

When Tidings to Old England came.

The Ship Carpenter's Wife was drown'd,  
He wrung his Hands and tore his Hair,  
And grievously fell in a Swoon.

Oh! cursed be those Mariners,

For they do lead a wicked Life;

They ruin'd me a Ship Carpenter,  
By detaining away my Wife.



### *The Nymph's Complaint of her unkind Shepherd*

DOWN by the Chrystal purling Streams,  
Where little Fishes sport and play,  
There sat fair Phyllis all alone,  
Her Cheeks like Roses newly blown,  
Was for her shepherd making Moan.

Why does my shepherd make his Stay,  
I'll guide his Flocks while he's away  
I'll watch upon the rural Plain,  
All to devour my love-sick Pain,  
Waiting my Loves Return again.

On

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On flowry Plains his Flocks I'll feed,  
With Daffies and the Violets blue;  
I'll on my head the Willow wear,  
To shew how faire these young Men are,  
Young Virgins hearts for to enthrall.

Long I've been courted to be kiud,  
I to fonda Love too soon gave way,  
I lost my Heart, and where it is gone,  
I know not, I sent it to a false young Man,  
Which I shall never see again.

Banish'd from Parents, far from home,  
I stay in this Valley all alone;  
All is regardlets of my Pain,  
*Cupid* be kind, since he does disdain,  
To make him return my Heart again.

Sweet is the Time when Lovers meet,  
When with an equal Glance they greet,  
But when sweet Glances tway the l wain,  
The Nymph she meets with sad disdain,  
Farewel, false Man for all's in vain.

If *Sylvia* upon a Man does doat,  
All her sweet pleasures it destroys;  
For it is like the raging Seas,  
Doat ne'er has rest nor Ease,  
Men do delight our Sex to tease.

True Love is like a Chrystal Fire,  
That burns with pleasure and desire;  
Where will you find a Man in Love,  
Does not delight to range and rove,  
And of our Sex do not approve.

FORTY 8.